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will, we believe, serve to show Mr. di Cesnola in his true light, if there should be any longer any doubt anywhere as to what that true light is. He has copied servilely the drawings of statues found by other persons and passed them off as drawings of objects found by himself. In the case of the torso, shown on page 345 of "Cyprus," he has attempted to mask the plagiarism by redrawing the necklace, which he has done in a very clumsy manner; but if the reader will trace the drawing in Cecaldi's book and apply the tracing paper to the woodcut in "Cyprus," he will find that in all other respects the two engravings coincide exactly, line for line. Although the inquirer at the museum will be told that these objects were unfortunately "lost at sea," nevertheless they can be found safely preserved in certain European museums.

It is not strictly relevant to the subject of this article, but we may perhaps be allowed to express our astonishment at the number of the statues once belonging to Mr. di Cesnola, which have been "lost at sea" since the publication of Mr. Cook's pamphlet, the chief subject of which was the adventures and misfortunes of Statue No. 39. Before that time no mention had been made of any statue lost at sea; for though a chapter in "Cyprus," signed by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, speaks of 5000 "objects" out of a total of 35,573 objects, found by Mr. di Cesnola, as having been "lost at sea," yet the same gentleman tells us a little further on that the museum possesses "the whole of the statuette," and that "the losses and transfers were mainly of duplicates," though Mr. di Cesnola himself has said distinctly: "We never found any duplicates of statues" (Tribune "Extra," No. 47, p. 11). We have shown how little truth there is in this statement, so far as the statues are concerned. We should like to ask Mr. Johnston whether a considerable number of the vases, and not the least important ones, that illustrate Mr. Murray's articles on the pottery of "Cyprus" ("Cyprus," pp. 393-412) are not also missing, and whether their loss does not "detract from the completeness of the grand collection." A glance at the Halm Album would give Mr. Johnston considerable information as to the number of pieces that are missing, and would inform him where they can be found.

FROMENTIN'S OLD MASTERS OF BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

EUGENE FROMENTIN was almost as great a writer as painter. His mastery of the French tongue was such as to set him far above the great mass of the more commonly known litterateurs of the day. He used his words and manoeuvred his ideas in the same clean-handed, precise, and intelligent way that he handled his brushes or ordered the elements of a picture. There was nothing of extravagance or coarseness in his mind. When he differed in judgment from others, he never failed to present his views so that his opponents could understand them with ease; and, if he did not convince, he neither felt nor provoked anger. His descriptions of Algerian scenery and life in "Le Sahel" and "Le Sahara" will always hold a high place among French classics, and his book on the Old Masters of Belgium and Holland is undoubtedly the most satisfactory work of the kind of a century that has teemed with books on art.

The charm that the Low Countries have always had for Frenchmen of genius must have acted with peculiar force on Fromentin. This country, where all is artificial, even to the ground you stand on, is the only place where the Gaul can satiate his love of art as distinguished from nature. Its methodical and phlegmatic people has long served, as the English people now do, as both a foil and a balance to the flightier French. Its art has always seemed to them curious, wonderful, something beyond and perhaps a little beneath their comprehension. In Fromentin's case, however, a very real and profound respect for the technique of the great Dutch and Flemish painters supervened upon the amazed interest which all Frenchmen take in everything belonging to their grotesque neighbors. His own technique was based upon it. In this book he tells us of his delight at finding Rubens' great picture of the miraculous draught of fishes at Mechlin, temporarily placed in a position that allowed him to examine it minutely, and trace out the simple processes and the common pigments employed by the master. He was throughout his journey, as he says of the Italians, who went to Bruges to learn of Van Eyck, curious to know what he should do in order to paint well, with brilliancy, with consistency, with ease, with permanence.

At the same time Fromentin was a scholar, a student of history, a born analyst of character and motives. The strange course of art in the Low Countries and its striking local peculiarities, the strong commercial and mechanical spirit which drove its practitioners to see what they could retain from the lower arts in the higher, and what they could learn of Italy or France, and the unbending sturdiness of the race which prevented their learning anything worth while, afforded a rare field for his talents and acquisitions in this direction. His unequalled power of word painting found full and profitable employment in describing the contents of museums and galleries, and the vaster and more living pictures which met his eyes on leaving them.

The chapter on the influence of Holland on French landscape best shows how strong a hold the Dutch technique had upon him, and, at the same time, the clearness of his judgment on the progress of contemporary art. He points out how much Corot and Dupré and Rousseau owe to Ruysdael and Van der Meer, and deplores the tendency to sink the trade, the art of painting, in what almost seems to him a vain effort to come closer to nature. But his keen perceptions could not allow him to remain blind to the efforts that were being made toward reaching a new formula, in which diffused light, open air, and real sunshine should take the place of the narrow gleams and dark concavities of the old masters. It is noteworthy, too, that, though he was not a professing Christian, he treats the solemn themes of the old painters with all seriousness and a perfect faith in their faith.

The translation of the Old Masters that Messrs. Osgood & Co. have put forth will, it is to be hoped, lead them to undertake the publication in English of Fromentin's other writings, which might be handsomely illustrated by photo-engravings from Fromentin's own paintings, as this is by reduced copies of steel engravings from the pictures described. It is, of course, impossible in English to preserve the charm of Fromentin's style; but that his abundant knowledge and observation, the wide range of his sympathies, and the delicate and healthy balance of his judgment can be set before English readers, the present translation is proof sufficient.

YRIARTE'S FLORENCE.

CHARLES YRIARTE'S Venice has achieved a world-wide reputation. Here, just in time for the holidays, is issued by Scribner & Welford a worthy companion volume, on Florence. In some respects it is even better than the former book. The engravings are of more uniform merit; and, whether it is that the author has this time got his materials better in hand or that the subject-matter itself is more condensed, the present volume is less discursive, makes a completer whole than the last. Perhaps no city of its importance was so isolated during the long period of literary and artistic and political activity in Italy, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, as Florence. It is now, or has been until lately, distinguished for the urbanity of its citizens. All through the middle ages and far into the Renaissance it was noted for a certain rudeness of manners, the mark of a semi-barbaric independence, which kept it aloof from the general movement toward luxury and decay. Nowhere did liberty die so hard as in Florence. The Florentines burned their prophet at the stake, drove their great poet into exile and failed to provide a living for the world's greatest artists; but no other city had so conducted

itself, had so regulated its affairs as to make it possible for such men as Savonarola, Dante and Michael Angelo to be born within its limits. The long-continued asceticism of the Tuscans gave them, when they did at last abandon themselves to the tide, a force and originality which enabled them to compete in all the arts of a splendid civilization with Rome itself. The history of Florence is that of a proud and retired people who, whether electing their rulers or allowing the members of a favored family to govern them, were always simpler, stronger and more virtuous than their neighbors, and who, in spite of the lack of physical power and of many adverse circumstances, made a mark upon the record of their times as distinct as a sword-dint on an ornamented cuirass. It is this history, so compact and so full of incident, that M. Yriarte recounts with a fulness never before attempted, and illustrates in a manner that puts it on a level with the three or four books that have hitherto served as standards of comparison for all works of the kind.

The book is divided into sections which may be read consecutively, or several may be consulted at once, as the same period of time is gone over and over again under different aspects. Etruscan Art is treated of about the middle of the volume. A chapter on monuments, dealing principally with early buildings such as the Basilica of San Miniato and the Palazzo Vecchio, follows. The introduction and the first two sections relate the story of the city from the thirteenth century to the end of the Medici dynasty. "The Renaissance" and "Illustrious Florentines" come next, before the chapter on Etruscan times, and a recapitulation of the history of sculpture and painting in Florence finishes the volume. This is by no means so disorderly a plan as it may seem. It is, on the contrary, a wise and judicious arrangement to give at the end of the purely historical portion of the work the facts about the early art of the region which the general reader could hardly feel very much interest in before being made acquainted with the magnificence of the city under the Medici. Then, the Florentine art of the Renaissance must be studied separately since it still remains to us, while Florence, itself, is now the least living city in Italy.

The illustrations, several hundred in number, are all woodcuts and photographic prints of various kinds. Some of the latter, in this American edition, are styled copperplates, for the absurd reason, apparently, that the originals, of which they are copies, are copperplates. All are very good, however, and the selection made from ancient drawings, woodcuts, and engravings on copper are in all cases interesting and instructive. There is a clearly drawn plan of the city on page 11, and a bird's-eye view runs across pages 12 and 13. Portraits of Dante, Petrarch, Laura, the princes of the Medicean house, Boccaccio, and many others are given from authentic sources, and views of various portions of the city as they formerly were, are reproduced from antique prints.

The literature and scholarship of Florence are treated of in the chapter on illustrations of Florentines. Ficino, the translator of Plato, Aretino, Pulci, Politian, Pico della Mirandola, Machiavelli, and Galileo are among the great names in poetry, learning, politics, and science, which here receive some mention, slight, but sufficient to distinguish them in the reader's mind, and to lead him to wish for more intimate acquaintance with them. The book is excellently gotten up on fine paper with wide margins, and is beautifully bound.

HERRICK'S POEMS.

ROBERT HERRICK'S poems, much as they have been praised, and deservedly, by one generation after another of literary men, are still very little known to readers in general. No better treat could be given the public this Christmas by such benevolent and enterprising publishers as the Harpers than a full selection from them; and when the gift (for such it is at any price) is supplemented by the best work of our best illustrator, Mr. Abbey, lovers of good literature and good art cannot be too profuse in their acknowledgments. Many, if not all, of these poems and pictures have appeared from time to time in Harper's Monthly during the past two years. They are now printed on fine toned paper in the original spelling and with the profusion of capital letters and italics that distinguish the early editions of the poems. This picturesque type becomes still more picturesque in Mr. Abbey's drawings, in which little snips and snatches of the songs fall into allotted places, under bramble bushes or between the stalks of tall lilies. Other designers have shown an inclination to appropriate this little artifice. They should be warned off. It belongs to Mr. Abbey and no one else can get any good of it.

The drawings are of the various sorts known to the modern engraver, in pen and ink, in wash, and in distemper, and all have been beautifully engraved. They depict the English country life of Herrick's time, not exactly as it really was, but doubly refined by the poet's and the artist's fancy. The good old English gentleman and gentlewoman were very worthy persons in their way, and Bob and Joan and Ben and Margery were far from being the characterless creatures that their descendants too often are. But it requires all of Herrick's scholarly allusions and wilful imaginings to make of them good subjects for any but Hudibrastic verse, and an illustrator of less lively fancy than Mr. Abbey would either utterly fail to bring out the author's meaning, or would have overthrown its nice balance between coarseness and super-refinement and, most likely, in the worst direction. As it is, the illustrations suit the text like music composed expressly for it. One finds the daisied meadows, the thatched eaves, the neat-herds and servant girls, only still one remove farther from nature than they are in the eclogues and pastorals and ballads. Mr. Abbey should next take up the idyllic plays of Shakespeare, such as *As You Like It* and *Love's Labor's Lost*, plays which have never yet been properly illustrated, and which Mr. Abbey can fitly embellish if any artist can.

L'ART.

THE present volume of L'Art much excels its immediate predecessors, in the matter of etchings, at least. It is, beside, more than usually interesting to Americans on account of its containing some reproductions of pictures by American artists, and of European pictures now owned in this country. Among the former, Mr. Sargent's "El Jaleo," lately on exhibition in this city, is illustrated by an etching, not, it must be said, in the highest style of the art. M. Bocourt gives nothing whatever of what makes the picture, its refinement of tone, its subtle arrangement of values. On the other hand he exaggerates its faults of drawing in a terrible manner. In the picture, the principal figure is assuredly bad enough, but in the etching it is simply incredible. Not only is it falling backward, but such a figure could no more support itself in any position than a leathern doll stuffed with sawdust. M. Paul Leroy, in the accompanying text, as if to make amends, does the painting more than justice. He will not allow that it is libidinous, and he is right. Mr. Sargent is incapable of that fault. But his description of the gypsy dance, which the picture represents, of the sudden forward bound which is to succeed the attitude chosen by the painter, only convicts the latter all the more of having made a failure. Mr. Sargent's dancer does not look as though it would be possible for her to recover herself. The extended arm is unnaturally heavy, but it would not serve as a counterpoise to the body. It is, surely, a fine example of Parisian impudence to compare this ambitious experiment with the famous pictures by Goya at Madrid. But, in Paris, to win faint praise is truly to be everlastingly condemned, and he whose friends do not set him on a pinnacle of some sort, has little reason to be grateful to them. In his closing paragraph, however, M. Leroy is more measured and, we believe, more respectful. It is only fair to say of Mr. Sargent's portraits that

they display "an originality supported by study, by science, and by taste." If it be true that it has become the dream of fashionable young Parisiennes to be painted by him, not only he but they also are to be congratulated upon it. In his portrait Mr. Sargent is at his best; and we have no fear that he will succumb to the temptation to work too fast, which an overwhelming flood of orders may bring upon him.

The article, one of the series on the Salon, from which we have been quoting, concerns some other Americans beside Mr. Sargent. It begins and ends in fact, with the motto "Hail Columbia," and is, for the most part, a light and jaunty defence of the no doubt improbable thesis that there are such things as art and artists on this side of the Atlantic. In proof of this the writer brings up, to supplement his description of "El Jaleo," the catalogues of the Water-Color Society and of the Etching Club, and a page of sketches by Mr. F. S. Church. In support, possibly, of the latter part of the proposition, there is a portrait of Mr. Church, which nobody will recognize; and readers of L'Art are reminded of the existence of Mr. Wm. M. Chase (whose portrait in the Salon is pronounced to be that of a "beau garçon"), Mr. Carroll Beckwith and Mr. Bridgman.

"Au Pâturage," by Julian Dupré, engraved by Edmund Yon, is one of the best pieces of work that has appeared in L'Art for some time. The original was exhibited here at the same time as "El Jaleo," and those who have seen it will welcome its reproduction in black and white. Another excellent piece of work is the "Moqueuse," painted and etched by Albert Artigue. More etchings of this sort are needed to sustain the reputation that L'Art has gained as the art periodical of the world.

KOEHLER'S ART DIRECTORY.

THE UNITED STATES ART DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK. A GUIDE FOR ARTISTS, ART STUDENTS, TRAVELLERS, ETC. Compiled by S. R. KOEHLER. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. This modest pamphlet of 146 pages is a long-needed compendium of information concerning American art institutions, including schools, museums, collections, exhibitions, societies, and clubs, the whole supplemented by an artists' directory, an art teachers' directory, a necrology, statistical tables of current and coming exhibitions, lists of American art books and art journals, and the law of copyright in the United States. We have had this work in constant use since the day of its publication, and have found it invaluable. It is surprisingly free from errors, considering the many difficulties in the way of beginning a publication of this kind, and well deserves to become the vade mecum of every one interested in art in the United States.

BOOKS RECEIVED

KAATERSKILL SERIES. THE MODERN HAGAR. By CHARLES M. CLAY. New York: Geo. W. Harlan & Co.

EMERSON AT HOME AND ABROAD. By M. D. CONWAY. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH KENSINGTON. By M. D. CONWAY. New York: Harper & Bros.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By FRANZ VON REBER. New York: Harper & Bros.

POEMS OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM. Chosen by J. BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

RARE POEMS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. Boston: Roberts Bros.

SOME AMERICAN SILVERWARE.

SOME striking oxidized silver table ornaments are to be seen at the show rooms of the Gorham Company. Chief among them is a set of seven pieces of elaborate Indian design consisting of massive candelabra, a central fruit dish, and four smaller dishes. The Oriental motive is carefully carried out throughout, the ostensible supports for the large pieces being the traditional elephant richly caparisoned; but the massiveness of the superstructure, compared with the weakness of the support, is too painfully apparent. Quite an innovation is the attachment of real bullion fringe to the cloth of solid metal modelled on the central dish. Excellent as is the mechanical execution of the set, this mixture of the purely realistic with the strictly conventional cannot be commended. Neither is it in good taste to make solid silver pitchers in the flexible shapes of leathern bags in imitation of such vessels used in Eastern countries for holding water. As we have often remarked in these columns, in industrial art manufacture, the nature of the material used should always be held in mind. Very much better, and perhaps the object most artistically conceived and best executed in this costly display of American silver work at the Gorham Company's rooms, is an oxidized water-pitcher of simple design, with the lower portion of the bowl decorated in repoussé work in pure Japanese style, with swimming fish in purely conventional water. The handle of the pitcher, twisting around the vessel like a clinging water plant, is boldly treated; but is too much curled at the finish to be altogether effective. Excepting, perhaps, this striking piece of silverware, there is nothing in the exhibition more creditable to the taste of the company than a large massive silver punch-bowl, with copper base, boldly and effectively decorated with great bunches of bluish grapes and twining vines. There is a breadth of treatment in the modelling of this object which shows genuine artistic feeling. This is the kind of work which should be cultivated in this country. Such trivialities as imitating leathern bottles, and woven fabrics to match real fringe, should be left to French triflers in pretty porcelain ornaments. Certainly they are unworthy of the virile art of the American silversmith.

THERE is always a certain distinction to be observed in the goods of Messrs. James McCreery & Co. This is not only in the richness of the materials, but in the unusual and artistic combinations of color, and the beauty of the design, two things which do not come by the usual methods of replenishing stock, but rather by that sort of research which always takes a good thing and passes by the things not good. This implies a delicate compliment to the sex for which the merchant of this sort of goods usually caters. The enjoyment of these things, aside from that taken by the wearers of them, is not confined, however, to women. Any one familiar with Broadway groups must have often seen before McCreery's great window, which is now one of the recognized show places of the town, well-known artists, designers, and men who appreciate whatever is "lovely and of good report." The later authorities on dress have given a wide license in stuffs and designs, and McCreery & Co. have taken advantage of this license in some striking materials which resemble magnificent furniture stuffs. All those familiar with the style of furniture decoration of the Louis Quinze period will recall the white, creamy grounds, with glowing festoons of roses suggesting Pompadour boudoirs. These are as accurately copied as may be, both in design and in the fabric. Other materials carry out more modern ideas of coloring, as a dark oak-brown velour with sprays of chestnuts in velvet brocade in lighter browns, with dull reds in the foliage. A still more striking instance is a Chantilly lace pattern on white, apparently furnishing a founce embroidered in pink roses and green leaves, those two shades of olive and pink that are so much used in other sorts of decoration make the design. These lace patterns, although evidently novelties, are not as artistic as the floral ones,